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## MEMORIAL ADDRESS

Owing to the large number of requests, as well as to the worth of the address delivered by Rev. H. F. Vermillion before the memorial day congregation last Sunday at the Baptist church, the Record publishes it today. The address follows:

**Memorial Day Address.**

Text, II Samuel 1:25: "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!"

The text is the language of David concerning the death of Saul and of Jonathan who lost their lives in a civil war waged by Saul against David. In the death of Saul and of Jonathan, Israel had lost two good men and mighty soldiers. In the death of the other soldiers a young and rising nation had been deprived of its resources of men and in the expenses of the war the resources of the people had been needlessly expended. Besides all this widows and orphans had been left to sorrow and to suffer and to become a care to the people.

The text is the expression of a really great and magnanimous soul toward those who had contended against him in battle. Although Saul had persistently pursued David and sought his life, yet David recognized in Saul noble qualities of manhood and courage and sincerely mourned his death. Only little souls cherish personal or party hatred after the issues of a war have been settled.

Just so it is now. After the greatest war that the world has known, the really brave and true men of both sides have laid aside all feeling of hatred and have come to recognize the noble lives and sacrificial death of the soldiers of each army as the heritage of all our people.

War has served a purpose in the development of the human race but humanity has paid a dear price for progress. It has cost the lives of so many thousands and the happiness of so many thousands more and has robbed the earth of so much of its treasure. But war has come and brave men have left all and have laid down their lives as a part of the price of humanity's advancement toward its final goal. It is fitting that we should remember with appropriate honor their heroism and their supreme sacrifice. Cowper has fittingly said:

"Patriots have toll'd, and in their country's cause  
Bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deserve,  
Received proud recompense. We give in charge  
Their names to the sweet Lyre. The historic muse,  
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down  
To the latest times; and sculpture, in her turn,  
Gives bond in stone and ever during brass  
To guard them, and to immortalize her trust."  
And a southern poet has said:  
"Great men to come will bless the brave;  
The soldier, bronzed in war's career,  
Shall weave a chaplet o'er his grave,  
While mem'ry drops the glistening tear.

Though envy wag her scorpion tongue,  
The march of Time shall find his fame;  
Where Bravery's loved and Glory's sung,  
These children's lips shall lisp his name."

I believe that every true American regrets today that there was ever war between the sections of our country. I am sure that the survivors of the Confederate army are glad that our country is not divided and that human slavery no longer exists. I am assured also, that they recognize the fact that the soldiers on the other side of that unfortunate conflict were brave and worthy men and that the men of the Union army recognize in the Confederate soldier a foeman worthy and patriotic. The man who goes about now and tries to stir up prejudice and party feeling on account of the war has a mighty small following and he ought to have.

The American people have come to claim the record of daring heroism of the soldiers North and South as the glory of a reunited country and to own the losses and the sorrows inflicted by the war as the misfortune of our whole nation.

As David had the people pause and mourn over the misfortunes and losses and sorrows of Israel on account of their civil war, so I would that today we might remember for a little while what our soldiers and our country suffered on account of the most terrible war ever waged by man. On both sides were men as brave as ever bore the shock of battle. They deserve all the glory that has been ascribed to them. Their names will justly be handed down from generation to generation as men worthy of all honor. The memory of their heroic deeds and sacrificial deaths will be preserved to future ages in buildings and statues and will be embalmed in story and in song. And I would have it even so.

But while we are building monuments, and erecting statues, and writing stories and songs to perpetuate and glorify the memory of the heroes of war, we must be careful not to glorify war. We must remember the untold losses and the unspeakable sorrows of our country because of the mighty men of our nation that are perished in battle.

The war between the states was a mighty blow to the industries of a young and growing country. It took about three million men out of factories, offices, shops and off farms.

These men had to be clothed, fed, armed, furnished with ammunition and pay. The producers left at home had not only to produce enough to take care of the armies, but had to take care of the millions of dependents left behind in the families of the soldiers. This was a great blow to the young nation just starting on a propitious career. This alone was a severe loss to our country and to the world, for none of the world's productive energy or of the world's resources once wasted can be replaced. The fact that many of these men never again entered upon productive work added still further to the loss.

Then the losses and the suffering that came because of the animosities and hatreds engendered by the war are more than can be known. Bosom friends became bitter foes. Brother was arrayed against brother in mortal conflict and sometimes father was arrayed against son. The sobs and the sighs and the bitter heartaches caused by these estrangements with all their lingering, painful memories are to be charged to the losses of the war.

But the hardships and the sufferings of the men in the camp and on the field of battle are beyond description, I am told. The common lot of the Confederate soldier was to be compelled to march day after day, weak and hungry and tired and then to be required to fight better fed, better clothed, better equipped armies of overwhelming numbers. The lack of proper food and drink engendered disease and many fell prey to sickness, far away from home and loved ones, and without proper medical attention and nursing; for, under the circumstances, these could not be had. None but men of the most heroic type would have endured the hardships and sufferings to which Confederate soldiers were subjected. But nerved by the conviction that they were fighting and suffering and dying for their beloved Southland, uncomplainingly, and sometimes with grim humor, they went through it all.

The homesickness of the soldiers was often pathetic. Far from loved ones and familiar scenes, the longing for home was sometimes almost unbearable. Miss Agnes Leonard, a sweet southern poetess, has described something of this feeling in that lovely bit of sentiment entitled "After the Battle." I quote from the poem:

All day long the sun had wandered,  
And at last the stars were shining  
Like some golden-petaled flowers  
Scattered o'er the azure bosom  
Of the glory-haunted night,  
Flooding all the sky with grandeur,  
Filling all the earth with light.

And the fair moon with the sweet stars,  
Gleamed amid the radiant spheres  
Like "a pearl of great price" shining  
Just as it had shone for years,  
On the young land that had risen,  
In her beauty and her might,  
Like some gorgeous superstructure  
Woven in the dreams of night.

With her "cities hung like jewels"  
On her green and peaceful breast,  
With her harvest fields of plenty  
And her homes of peaceful rest.  
But a change had fallen sadly  
O'er the young and beautiful land,  
Brothers on the field fought madly  
That once wandered hand in hand.

And "the hearts of distant mountains  
Shuddered," with a fearful wonder,  
As the echoes burst upon them  
Of the cannon's awful thunder.  
Through the long hours waged the battle  
Till the setting of the sun,  
Dropped a seal upon the record,  
That the day's mad work was done.

Thickly on the trampled grasses  
Lay the battle's awful traces,  
Mid the blood-stained clover blossoms  
Lay the stark and ghastly faces,  
With no mourners bending downward  
O'er a costly funeral pall;  
And the dying daylight softly,  
With the starlight watched o'er all

And, where eager, joyous footsteps  
Once perchance were wont to pass,  
Ran a little streamlet making  
One "blue fold in the dark grass;"  
And where, from its hidden fountain,

Clear and bright the brooklet burst  
Two had crawled, and each was bending  
O'er to slake his burning thirst.

Then beneath the solemn starlight  
Of the radiant, jeweled skies,  
Both had turned, and were intently  
Gazing in each other's eyes.  
Both were solemnly forgiving—  
Hushed the pulse of passion's  
breath—  
Calmed the maddening thirst for battle,  
By the chilling hand of death.

Then spoke one in bitter anguish:  
"God have pity on my wife,  
And my children, in New Hampshire;  
Orphans by this cruel strife."  
And the other, leaning closer,  
Underneath the solemn sky,  
Bowed his head to hide the moisture  
Gathering in his downcast eye:

"I've a wife and little daughter  
Mid the fragrant Georgia bloom,  
Then his cry rang sharper, wilder  
"Oh, God! pity all their gloom."  
And the wounded, in their death hour,  
Talking of the loved ones' woes  
Nearer drew unto each other,  
Till they were no longer foes.

And the Georgian listened sadly  
As the other tried to speak,  
While the tears were dropping softly  
O'er the pallor of his cheek:  
"How she used to stand and listen,  
Looking o'er the fields for me,  
Waiting till she saw me coming,  
'Neath the shadowy old plum-tree.

Nevermore I'll hear her laughter,  
As she sees me at the gate,  
And beneath the plum-trees shadows  
All in vain for me she'll wait."  
Then the Georgian, speaking softly,  
Said: "A brown eyed little one,  
Used to wait among the roses,  
For me, when the day was done;  
And amid the early fragrance  
Of those blossoms, fresh and sweet,  
Up and down the old verandah  
I would chase my darlings feet  
But on earth no more the beauty  
Of her face my eye shall greet,  
Nevermore I'll hear the music  
Of those merry, pattering feet—

Ah, the solemn starlight, falling  
On the far-off Georgia bloom,  
Tells no tale unto my darling  
Of her absent father's doom."  
Through the tears that rose between them  
Both were trying grief to smother,  
And they clasped each other's fingers  
Whispering: "Let's forgive each other."

When the morning sun was walking  
"Up the gray stairs of the dawn,  
And the crimson east was flushing  
All the forehead of the morn."  
Plying skies were looking sadly  
On the "once proud, happy land,"  
On the Southron and the Northman,  
Holding fast each other's hand,  
Fatherless the golden tresses,  
Watching 'neath the old plum-tree,  
Fatherless the little Georgian,  
Sporting in unconscious glee.

When we evaluate the lives of our dead soldiers, we must not forget the loss that our country sustained in the death of those whose courage and fidelity to conviction and whose love of country led them to dare and to die upon the battlefield. If bravery is to be judged by regimental losses in Southern soldiers in the Civil War. The world has rung with the praises of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaklava, when 673 British cavalry rode against the Russian batteries and 247, or a little over one third, were killed and wounded. But the Twenty Sixth North Carolina went in at Gettysburg with over 800 men answering to roll call. When the battle was over, just 80 men out of more than 800 were left. More striking was the record of the Eleventh North Carolina. All there was left of it when it got to Gettysburg was three officers and thirty-eight men, consolidated to less than half a company. After two days fighting only a captain, two privates and the color bearer remained. These charged with Pickett's Brigade and only the captain and two privates came back. The color bearer was killed and the captain came back carrying the colors. Only three men left out of a regiment. Out of the entire military population of South Carolina over 23 per cent were killed or mortally wounded on the field of battle, to say nothing of the vast number that died of disease. Those were the kind of soldiers that went into the Southern army.

The losses of the men in blue showed that they were as brave men and true as were our Southern men. Pat Keenan's Sixth Pennsylvania rode into the face of Stonewall Jackson's men at Chancellorsville and lost every man. Sixty-four Union regiments lost upward of fifty per cent in a single battle. Fifty-one Confederate regiments

had the same record. In actual killed and mortally wounded upon the battlefield the Union army lost over 110,000 men and the Confederate army over 74,000 men. This was a loss of over 5 per cent of the enlisted men in the Union army and of over 10 per cent of the enlisted men in the Southern army.

Two thousand six hundred and eighty-five battles were fought. In the two armies about 185,000 men were killed and mortally wounded. Of the Union army 224,586 died of disease and 29,725 died in prison. The number that died of disease and in prison from the Confederate army is not available, but must be greater in proportion to enlistment than in the other army. Besides this, over half a million men were made cripples for life. Countless widows and orphans have suffered the loss of husband and father and have borne the hardships and the sorrows unspeakable of widowhood and orphanage.

Some of the fellows that went out into the war left young wives at home with the light of love's young dream still in their eyes and the first flush of love's glow still on their cheeks. The tragedy of it all was that so many of them never returned. An anonymous Southern poet described such a case in these words:

"In the cool, sweet hush of a wooded nook,  
Where the May buds sprinkle the green old mound,  
And the winds and the birds and the limpid brook,  
Murmur their dreams with a drowsy sound;  
Who lies so still in the plushy moss  
With his pale cheek pressed on a breezy pillow,  
Crouched where the light and the shadows cross  
Through the flickering fringe of the willow?  
Who lies, Alas!  
So still, so chill, in the whispering grass?"

A soldier, clad in the Zouave dress,  
A bright haired man, with his lips apart,  
One hand thrown up o'er his frank, dead face,  
And the other clutching his pulseless heart,  
Lies here in the shadows, cool and dim,  
His musket swept by a trailing bough,  
With a careless grace in each quiet limb,  
And a wound on his manly brow  
A wound, Alas!  
Whence the warm blood drips on the quiet grass.

The violets peer from their dusty beds,  
With a tearful dew in their great, pure eyes;  
The lilies quiver their shining heads,  
Their pale lips full of a sad surprise;  
And the lizard darts through the glistening fern—  
And the squirrel rustles the branches hoary;  
Strange birds fly out, with a cry to bathe  
Their wings in the sunset glory;  
While the shadows pass  
O'er the quiet face and the dewey grass.

God pity the bride who waits at home,  
With her lily cheeks and her violet eyes,  
Dreaming the sweet old dreams of love,  
While her lover is walking in Paradise;  
God strengthen her heart as the days go by,  
And the long, drear nights of her vigil follow,  
Nor bird, nor moon, nor whispering wind,  
May breath the tale of the hollow:  
Alas! Alas!  
The secret is safe with the woodland grass."

But not all of the widows were young brides. Some of them were women who had stood beside their husbands already through many trials and sorrows as well as through the sweet joys of wedded life. When the war robbed them of their husbands, life was without further interest to them and their only desire was to go and be with their loved ones in a world where cruel war is unknown.

In the "Coat of Faded Gray," G. W. Harris has described such a case. He says:

"A low hut rests in Lookout's shade,  
As rots its moss-grown roof away,  
While sundown's glories softly fade,  
Closing another weary day.  
The battle's din is heard no more,  
No more the hunted stand at bay,  
The breezes through the lowly door  
Swing mute a coat of faded gray,  
A tattered relic of the fray,  
A threadbare coat of faded gray.

'Tis hanging on the rough log wall,  
Near to the foot of the widow's bed,  
By a white plume and a well-worn shawl—  
His gift the happy morn they wed:  
By the way slip their dead child wore—

The one they gave the name of May;  
By her rag doll and pinafore—  
A red-heck'd relic of the fray,  
An armless coat of faded gray.

Her all of life now drapes that wall;  
But poor and patient, still she waits  
On God's good time to gently call  
Her, too, within the jeweled gates;  
And all she craves is here to die—  
To part from these she annually  
That wore that—The coat of gray,  
The shell-torn relic of the fray,  
Her soldiers' coat of faded gray

When I think of the countless widows and orphans whose lives have been robbed of love and support; when I think of their weary, anxious waiting for the return of the loved one who never comes; when I think of the tender loving wife through weary, lonely months waiting, fearing, hoping against hope and then giving way to despair; when I think of the lonely years of toil and sorrow through which such are compelled to go; I cannot help but hate war. I do not try to help it. I teach my children to hate it and to discourage it in every way.

When war must come, and when the nation calls for men to protect its honor and preserve its integrity, let brave men go forth to battle in the sacred cause of what they conceive to be the right and let the world applaud. I, too, will join in the applause. If the cause be a sufficiently worthy one I will even respond upon the field of battle as did my father in the Confederate army. But when I look into the faces of my little children and upon her whose tender love has borne life's burdens and shared life's joys with me, I am obliged to remember that the price of my enlistment might be the orphanage of my little ones and the widowhood of my wife. And when I look upon the peaceful, happy homes of my neighbors I know that life and love are just as sweet to them as to me and mine and that war might mean the breaking of their hearts and the destruction of their hopes. And so I say, let's do not have any more wars as long as it is possible to promote the welfare of humanity and to preserve human freedom and human rights in any other way.

I give all honor to our Confederate dead. They were brave men and sacrificed their lives for the right as they saw the right and for the good of their country, as they believed. What a loss it was to our country that they perished in war! What sorrow and suffering we have endured because they fell! Let us cherish their memory forever. Let us hand their names down to children's children as worthy of all honor. Living in the memory of their nobility of character and their glory of achievement, let us strive to make our own lives supply in some measure what the world lost because of their death. "How are the mighty fallen and perished in battle."

**Sale For the Dissolution of Partnership of the Majestic Theatre.**

The Majestic Theatre will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the front door of the Majestic Theatre on Saturday June 12 1909 at 3 o'clock p. m. This Theatre will be sold in bulk and will be a fine chance for anyone wishing to engage in motion picture and show business.  
M. W. WITT,  
City Auctioneer.

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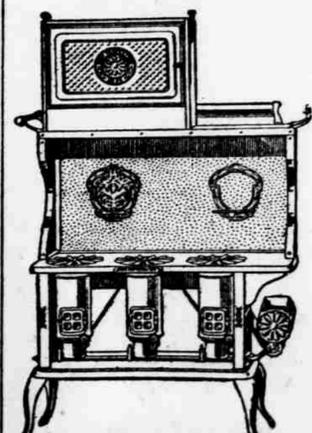
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